

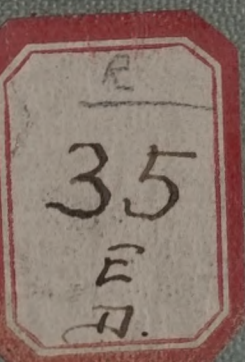
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SSING

AT HEROES





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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











GUESSING

AT

HEROES.

BY

MISS S. O'H. DICKSON,

*Author of "Howard McPhlinn," "The Story of Marthy," "The Grangers," etc.*

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DEDICATED  
TO  
MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.







# CONTENTS.

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## PART I.

### CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

GRANDMA'S NEW GAME, . . . . . 7

### CHAPTER II.

HUGH'S HERO, . . . . . 13

### CHAPTER III.

WILL'S HERO, . . . . . 19

### CHAPTER IV.

NELLIE'S HERO, . . . . . 27

### CHAPTER V.

ARTIE'S HERO, . . . . . 33

### CHAPTER VI.

JACK'S HERO, . . . . . 39

### CHAPTER VII.

GRANDMA'S SUNDAY HERO, . . . . . 45

### CHAPTER VIII.

"GOOD-BYE, GRANDMA," . . . . . 56



## PART II.

## CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

BIBLE HEROES THIS TIME, . . . . .	66
-----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER II.

WILL'S HERO, . . . . .	72
------------------------	----

## CHAPTER III.

HUGH'S HERO, . . . . .	79
------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

ARTIE'S HERO, . . . . .	85
-------------------------	----

## CHAPTER V.

JACK'S HERO AND NITA'S, . . . . .	91
-----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VI.

GRANDMA'S HERO, . . . . .	97
---------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VII.

PAPA'S HERO, . . . . .	104
------------------------	-----



# GUESSING AT HEROES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### GRANDMA'S NEW GAME.

“OH! BOYS, I have a new game for you,”  
Grandma said.

Down went the goubers that the boys were parching on Grandma's hearth and they seated themselves “tailor fashion” at her feet, or rather Hugh and Jack did, Artie, who was youngest, climbed to what Grandma called “the chief seat in the synagogue,” and sat cuddled close against her loving heart.

It was a stormy night outside, but everything was cheery in Grandma Bright's room.

“What's it, Grandma? Oh! what's it?” cried the impatient boys, and “Yek, vat's it?” asked Artie, who the big boys called the “echo.”



“Why, here it is. I thought it out last night after I went to bed.”

“O Gramma!” The boys laughed at the idea of any body wasting sleeping time thinking up new games.

“Here’s the game now. Each of you must think of some hero. He must be an American, and we must describe him, or mention some brave act, or some incident of his life, and then the rest must guess who he is. Of course we must try to puzzle each other, and the one who guesses most of the heroes will have—”

“Chocolate caramels!” cried Artie, clapping his hands, and the others clapped, too, and all laughed, while Grandma said,

“Well, chocolate caramels it must be then, I suppose, even if Artie does not get the prize.”

Artie suddenly fell into a brown study at this suggestion.

“Gramma, w’ats a hewo?” he asked very



earnestly. This little man was ambitious, but he had not yet conquered his RRs.

The boys laughed at him, but Grandma shook her head, and said, "I believe I'll ask Hugh to tell us."

Now Hugh had been familiar with the word for some years, for he was twelve years old, but when it came to say just what it meant—why, he was sorry that he had laughed! Jack said, "I know, 'course I do. It's somebody that does some thin' awful good or brave and eve'y body knows it."

While Jack's definition would hardly have suited for a dictionary, Grandma thought it was not so bad, and it was certainly more satisfactory to Artie than Mr. Webster's would have been.

"Now let's begin, boys!"

"You begin, Gramma, please!" the children said.

Willie and Nellie Barker, their next door neighbors, had come in while Grandma was talk-



ing and they begged, too, and Grandma thought it would probably be the best way to start them.

“Well, my hero was not a North Carolinian, but a neighbor of Carolina. He was a good boy, obedient to his mother, and fond and faithful to her all her life. He was not very smart at school, but was faithful and painstaking in everything he did. Some of his copy books can be seen now put away as relics of a great man, and they show how careful he was to do little things well.

“He was not as lively, probably, as some boys that I know, but he could enjoy funny things, for we read of his rolling over on the ground in his amusement at something that seemed very funny to him.

“When he was sixteen he had learned surveying so well that he was employed and paid for his work.

“He loved to fish and to hunt, and was a fine rider and loved his horses.



“He lived the life of a quiet country gentleman; but when his country needed his services he went to war and won great victories, and then had great honors bestowed on him; and now we love to celebrate his birthday, and have given him a name that shows his character.

“Now! put on your guessing caps.”

Hugh was looking thoughtfully into the fire. Nellie was in a fidget, because she “almost knew.”

Artie was watching to see who would get the “chocolate caramels.”

Jack said, “I bet he was a Virginian, I b’lieve it must be Jackson. Oh! do, Gramma, tell a little plainer.”

“No, no—I want you to think, and to take trouble to find out.”

Just then the supper bell rang, and as Grandma was “very polite to the bells”, as she expressed it, they all started off.

“Never mind, to-morrow we will know.”



“Yek, an’ get some calomels,” cried Artie—still having sweet thoughts of rewards.

“Somebody else must have a hero for us to guess next time, boys.”

“All right,” they answered, as they did to everything Grandma said.



## CHAPTER II.

### HUGH'S HERO.

THE next evening the children were promptly on hand in Grandma's room, and before they were all seated Hugh exclaimed,

"Grandma, I've guessed! I know. Of course it was George Washington. Don't we celebrate his birthday every year, and call him 'the Father of His Country?' "

"You are right," answered Grandma. "And now who else guessed the same?"

Nellie said she was almost sure, but poor little Nellie nearly always got behind in guessing, because she was so afraid of not being right!

"Now, Hugh, let us have your hero; for the one who makes the correct answer must be the one to give the next hero."

Hugh was quite excited about beginning.



“Gramma, it was pretty hard work choosing my hero, because I have more than one, but I think I know now who was the greatest hero I have ever heard of. But must we always tell about when they were children?”

“Oh! no, just tell some brave deed or some incidents in the life of the man that you think gave him the right to the name ‘hero,’ and then, if anybody thinks he has guessed it, let him mention some incident he knows—holding up his hand to show that he has guessed.”

“Well,” said Hugh, “my hero was a soldier, and fought in two wars; and he was so brave, and knew how to manage a battle so well, they just kept promoting him until he got to be a Major General. I think the bravest thing he did was once when he wanted to see where the enemy was, he and one of his aides went out in a field, and one of the enemy’s sharpshooters raised his gun and shot, and the ball went whizzing right between their heads, and he smiled and said to



his aide, 'Hadn't you better go to the rear, they may shoot you?' He didn't seem to know what fear was."

Grandma held up her hand and then said,

"Yes, and he was modest about his great successes, too. One of the grandest things he ever did was just after he had won a great battle. He wrote a letter to a friend at home, and as everybody was anxious to hear from the battle, people gathered around his friend at the post-office and asked for the news. When the letter was opened, instead of telling of the victory, he only wrote that after he had gone to bed the night before he had remembered that he had forgotten to send his contribution for a colored Sunday-school in which he had taught when at home, and he enclosed it and apologized for his neglect! And this just after a battle which had won him the admiration of the world!"

"Why, Gramma, have you guessed already?" said Hugh.



“Well, you see, I happen to admire and love your hero, and have read a great deal about him; but I will not give his name. Jack, are you guessing? and what about Willie and Nellie?”

“I’m getting it, Gramma,” said Jack, just as if it was a sum in arithmetic that he was working.

Everybody laughed.

“Gramma, can we ask Hugh a question?”

“Yes, but only one; and now, how is Willie getting on, and Nellie?”

“Oh!” said Nellie, “I b’lieve it’s my hero. My hero was a soldier, but I don’t know if he fought in two wars. Did your hero teach after the war was over?”

“No!” said Hugh quickly, as if he was relieved. “My hero was”—

Here he stopped.

“Let me ask my question now, Gramma,” said Jack.



“Very well, and then we will hear from Will.”

“Hugh, did your hero wear a shabby old cap, most always?” asked Jack eagerly.

How the others all laughed! And Hugh, who did not seem to want people to guess his hero, replied rather reluctantly,

“Yes, but I reckon plenty of soldiers had to do that!”

Artie, by this time, was getting excited, for, as he could not do any of the guessing, he wanted Grandma to guess right, for he knew that he would get all the “*calomels*” he wanted if she gained the prize.

Willie, who had been busy thinking while the others talked, said at last,

“Didn’t your hero get a name because of his bravery that he is better known by than by his real name?”

Hugh looked uneasily towards Grandma without replying.



Just then ting-a-ling! went supper bell, and, as everybody rose to go, Grandma said, "Suppose you come back after supper and finish up Hugh's hero, and then I'll have something for you all." Of course Artie said, "All wight!"



## CHAPTER III.

### WILL'S HERO.

GRANDMA had hardly finished her supper when Artie slipped down from his seat by his papa, and, cuddling up to her, said in what he meant for a polite whisper,

“Gramma, leks go!”

There had been such a discussion of military heroes at table that papa wanted to know what it all meant, and asked Artie if he was guessing at heroes, too.

The boys laughed, and Jack said, “No, ‘the echo’ can’t come in this game. He’s countin’ on Gramma’s guesses to get his ‘calomels,’ as he calls ’em.”

Poor little Artie felt somewhat hurt. He couldn’t help being the youngest any more than he could help saying “calomels” for caramels yet awhile.



“Never mind, little man, come here to mother, and she will help you to get a ‘hewo’ as well as the big boys.”

Artie flew to his mother’s side and scrambled up to her lap, saying,

“All wight, Mamma! all wight! Gramma, dat’s fair, ain’t it?”

By this time Grandma had finished her supper, and they were all ready to go back to their guessing game.

They found Will and Nellie waiting in the hall, and soon all were seated at Grandma’s fire-side.

“Now, Will, speak up!” said Grandma.

“Stonewall Jackson,” answered Will.

“I thought so, too,” said Jack. “I guessed him, too.”

And Nellie, who was never just in time, spoke up good naturedly,

“Why, I was just thinking it might be Jackson.”



“Now,” said Grandma, “let me mention one beautiful trait in the character of Stonewall Jackson before we leave the subject.

“He loved God and revered his holy day, and he never mailed a letter that must travel Sunday, unless, of course, it had to cross the ocean, and *he never took his mail out of the office on Sunday*. What a splendid example for us all to follow!”

“Now, Will, have you a hero ready? In the meanwhile what is that under the bureau?”

Was there ever such a Grandma! She really looked as if she was puzzled to know what it was. In a moment Artie was stretched flat on the floor peering eagerly under the bureau, and the others followed quickly enough. There was a waiter with big red apples and such splendid chestnuts!

“Appels an’ keknuts!” cried Artie, clapping both hands and feet at once.

Grandma looked innocently surprised and wondered where they could have come from.



"Must we pull 'em out? Must we bring 'em to you, Grandma?"

Everybody was talking at once, and there seemed to be a possibility that Will's hero would not be put before the company that night.

But Grandma was a good commander. She knocked on the table and said,

"Attention, company!" and everybody jumped up and looked at her.

"Don't you think we had better let Will give us his hero, and then we can be guessing while we take our refreshments?"

"On Saturday we will count up who guessed all the heroes correctly, and he or she shall—treat us to caramels!"

Artie drew a long breath. He had not expected to treat everybody to caramels, and he wanted a big share whoever won the prize, but there was but one answer to be made to any of Grandma's proposition, so he called out somewhat faintly,



“All wight.”

“Now, Will, let’s hear who you have chosen for your hero.”

Will’s bright face flushed with embarrassment, for this company, though small, was decidedly critical, and there was not only a waiter of apples and chestnuts ready, but a prize ahead, and a prize was a prize to Will, even if it was only a box of chocolate caramels.

“Well, my hero was born in the West. He was a poor boy, and his father thought he was too stupid to learn much. He had to work, and sold newspapers on a train, and then he printed a paper of his own and sold it with the other papers. Then somebody taught him telegraphy, and he could soon telegraph so fast. Once, when he was trying to get work, he went to a telegraph office and asked for a place. He looked so young and was so shabbily dressed the man laughed at him, but when he sat down at the instrument he worked so fast that they telegraphed from the



other end, 'Hello! who are you? You work so fast we can't keep up with you.'

"In a short time he invented something that was a great help in telegraphing, and from that time he kept on inventing.

"The most wonderful thing he has ever done, I think, was to telegraph people's handwriting and drawings.

"I don't love war. Of course, I am proud of the soldiers who fought bravely and loved their country enough to die for it; but I believe I would rather be *my* hero than even General Jackson."

"Why, Will!" said Hugh, whose tastes were decidedly martial. But, you see, Hugh knew more about gallant soldiers and brave generals than he did about such heroes of peace as Will's.

Grandma held up her hand and said,

"Yes, and he made it possible for us to hear beautiful music and even funny anecdotes long



after they were played or spoken. But why do you think this man a hero?"

Jack said a hero was "somebody who does something grand or brave."

"Well, I think he was brave to work and study and try to support himself when he was a boy; and I think he has helped the world by his inventions."

"You are right, my dear. There are more ways than one of being brave and useful.

"And now let's take some apples and chestnuts and to-morrow evening at seven o'clock sharp we will meet and guess Will's hero, and hear of another."

How those apples and chestnuts disappeared! And what a jolly time they had, only every now and then Jack fell into a brown study over Will's hero.

At last Mamma came and claimed Artie, and Will and Nellie said good-night, and Grandma was left smiling to herself over her knitting.



What wonder she smiled! Isn't it enough to make any one smile to be able to give so much pleasure to others as Grandma did? And it certainly does make people feel happy.



## CHAPTER IV.

### NELLIE'S HERO.

THURSDAY evening it was raining steadily, but just about time for sunset here came Will and Nellie, and they took off water-proofs and overshoes in a hurry, for Will was very anxious to know if any one had guessed his hero.

Jack called out from the back porch, where he was trying to comfort himself by roller skating,

“Will, your hero’s too hard. I can’t guess him; and yet somehow it seems to me that I ought to know.”

Nellie looked very knowing and very happy, but she ran on to Grandma’s room, and there she found Hugh, evidently confiding his perplexity to Grandma.



“Well, Nellie,” said Grandma, “you look very bright and confident; I think that you must have guessed correctly this time?”

Nellie had come out behind the others so many times that now she could not wait for the boys to come in, but answered quite bravely,

“Yes’m, Will’s hero was Thomas Edison; and I found out for myself, too.”

She had spoken so loudly that Will and Jack, who had lingered in the hall, heard her, and came running in, saying,

“We guessed him, too! We guessed him, Gramma!”

“If Gramma hadn’t said that about his helping to hear music and jokes long after they had been sung and said, I don’t believe I would have guessed right though,” said Hugh; “but, you know, papa took us once to hear a phonograph at the Y. M. C. A. hall.”

Artie came running in just then all out of breath. He climbed up on his usual seat, and,



drawing down Grandma's head, said in a loud whisper,

"O Gramma! me's got a hewo, too!" Everybody laughed, but Grandma kissed the rosy little face and said,

"All right. You shall have your turn. Nellie must give us her hero this evening, you see, as she has guessed *certainly* for the first time."

Just a shade of disappointment clouded the bright face for a moment, then he said,

"All wight," and leaned back against Grandma resignedly.

Nellie was a good deal excited and somewhat confused at first, but soon forgot herself.

"My hero was a Southern man, and was born in a beautiful home.

"The sweetest thing that I know about him was that he was always so good and so tender to his mother, who was an invalid. His father died when he was younger than I am, and he seemed to feel that he must take his place. He



would come home quickly from school to see that the carriage was ready for his mother to drive out, and would help her in, and then go in to see about a great many things that boys do not generally like to do, to spare her. He went to West Point, and stood splendidly in his class. He fought in two wars and kept being promoted for bravery, and he showed his patriotism by giving up his commission to join the Southern army. All the soldiers loved him, and they had a pet name for him. He had a splendid horse that he loved very much, and gave him a very unusual name for a horse.

“I think the reason my hero was such a grand soldier was that his mother taught him, when he was a small boy, to practice self-denial and self-control, and economy. He didn’t have everything that he wanted.

“Another beautiful thing about him was his kindness and thoughtfulness for everybody.

“After his mother’s death he took a faithful



servant-man South for his health. Had the best doctors and a comfortable room for him, and tried in every way to have him well again."

Grandma's hand was up.

"Yes, Nellie, and your hero was not only a great general, but a loving son, and husband and father, and, best of all, a true Christian. Even his enemies admired and respected him.

"I heard a lady say that the last time she ever saw him he was mounted on that splendid horse you told of, and that he suddenly stopped his horse on the top of a hill to watch the sunset.

"He was dressed in his Confederate uniform, with a soft, black felt hat, and his long buff gauntlets, and sat as erect as a young man, with the beautiful evening sky for background, the grandest picture of a true warrior and gentleman that she ever saw. This was only a short while before he died."

Hugh and Will both clapped their hands.

"I'm sure I know," said Hugh.



"So do I," added Will with a nod.

"I believe I do, too," said Jack slowly. Just then Mamma's head appeared in a wide crack of the door, and she asked,

"May I come in? May I speak in meetin'?"

Of course everybody was pleased to see her, from Grandma down; but Artie was especially gratified and slipped down from Grandma's lap to hold her hand with a very important air.

"Now," said Mrs. Allan, what I want to say is this: "My little man here has a hero, too, and he wants you to guess his to-morrow evening. I'm sure he cannot wait another day."

"Yek, an' if dey don' *gek* my hewo dey have to give me *ev'y bit o' calomels!*" cried Artie with a very positive shake of his curly head.

There was a burst of laughter that nearly drowned the sound of the supper-bell; but Jack, whose ears were always open for that, called out, "There's the bell!" and bounded out of the room, followed very soon by the rest of the party.



## CHAPTER V.

### ARTIE'S HERO.

**B**EFORE the sun had set on Friday evening Artie suddenly dropped his playthings, and, running into his mother's room, said,

"Mamma! ain't it most time to go to Gramma's woom to gueck?"

The eager little face was very dirty, and so were the hands and the apron, and the soft curls were so tangled and blowsy that Mamma laughed and said,

"It will be time after we have put a coat of soap and water on your face and hands and smoothed your hair."

A look of resignation stole into the bright face, and with a sigh he said,

"All wight! But wait a minute, Mamma," and he bounded out of the room, and going to



the back door called out in a very important tone of voice,

“’Ello! Ugh an’ Dackie an’ Vill, tum on, it’s dettin’ lunlet!” (It is getting sunset.)

Then he ran back and soon appeared in Grandma’s room.

The boys were really very curious to begin guessing Artie’s hero, and so was Nellie, so that they very soon followed him.

“Of course, Mamma ’ll help, and it will be hard to guess,” said Hugh.

“’Course,” added Jack; but Artie only looked up into Mamma’s face and put his fingers over his lips; “dick (just) to keep from tellin’, eh Mamma?” and Mamma nodded in a very confidential and approving manner.

At last they were all ready, and Artie decided that he must have a chair all to himself—“dick like de big boys.”

“First, though,” said Grandma, “who has guessed Nellie’s hero?”



"I did," said Jack, "and it was Robert E. Lee."

"I guessed, too," said Hugh.

"And so did I," added Will.

Artie would have felt badly to be left behind in the race if he had not been so intent to tell of his own "hewo."

And Grandma, seeing what self-control the little fellow had shown, leaned over and kissed him and called him her little hero.

"I b'lieve I made mine too easy," said Nellie.

"No, you didn't, for I had to look in papa's Life of General Lee to be sure," replied Hugh.

"Now, Artie, begin!"

Everybody giggled, for they all knew what a wonderful language Artie spoke, but Mamma stamped her foot and said, "Stop that right away, children!" And everybody knew that when Mamma stamped her foot and said "children," too, she meant business.

So Artie, with his rosy cheeks aflame, and his



beautiful eyes shining, gave one look to Mamma, as if to get a supply of courage, then began to twist his dress in his fingers and began,

“Well, my hewo vas a Norf Carolin-ian”—he paused a moment to get breath after the effort—“an’ ee did never go in a battle but ee did fight a geat big wat once” (a great big rat once.)

Here there were such shouts of laughter that Artie’s hero might never have been heard from any more if Grandma, after wiping away the tears that had come with her laugh, had not said firmly,

“That will do now, boys. That will do! Let’s hear some more, Artie.”

Artie, too “full of his subject” to mind the laughter, said,

“Vat nex’, Mamma?”

Mamma whispered something.

“Oh! yek!” (yes). “An ven ee ver a lickie (little) girl, ee did top ee Mamma’s ouck (house) fum bunnin’ (burning) tause ee fowed



(threw) a bucket of water on de carpet vere de fire vas. An' ee love evy chile, an' ee is de besses (best) hewo me ebber did lee" (see). And here he clapped his hands at his own joke, and, slipping down from his chair, stood in the middle of the circle as he added, "An ee dot pitty (pretty) eyes vid peckles. An'—an'—oh! yek! ee made a great big loldier lo cared (soldier so scared) ee dick licked ee orchie (horsie) an' runned away!"

Hugh clapped his hands, and Jack held up his. Indeed, every hand was up but Grandma's and Mamma's.

Grandma looked into the fire, and leaned on her hand and said,

"My! my! I wonder who it was?" while Artie danced all around her, saying,

"Hoo? Gramma, Hoo?"

"Why, Grandma! you are just pretending now," said Hugh and Jack and all of them at once.



“You know you had a battle with a rat once.”

“Oh—oh!” said Grandma, raising her hand, “and your hero has a wonderful tree that grows cake and fruit; and she has the very dearest little hero herself that any one ever saw, if he cannot speak English very well yet.”

Here she caught the dear little man up to cover him with kisses, and while everybody was saying, “I know! I know!” supper-bell rang, and Mamma went off in a hurry and left the rest to escort the two heroes to supper.



## CHAPTER VI.

### JACK'S HERO.

OF COURSE everybody had guessed Artie's "hewo," in spite of his "foreign tongue," and, after the children had finished laughing at him, and he had repeated his story for papa's benefit, Grandma said she thought that, if they were not too tired, and there were no lessons to be studied, they might have Jack's Hero after supper, and then, as Saturday night was "scrubbing night," they would not have a meeting of the "Guess Club," but, if mamma was willing, they would meet on Sunday night instead.

"All in favor say aye."

There was one dissenting voice.

"Vy, Gramma! oo donter hab fun on Dod's day.?" (You goin to have fun on God's day!)



This, in a very shocked tone of voice, from Artie.

Grandma took the little pharisee up and, kissing him, said,

“Don’t you think we can find a Sunday hero? God has had many a hero, who has given his life gladly and grandly for his service and for his fellow-men. And Grandmother wants the children to know about such heroes, that they may copy them as they have copied the Master; and she prays that God may grant that some of her boys may yet be as true a hero as the one she will tell you about on Sunday evening, with Artie’s permission.”

“Now, Jack, let’s have your hero.”

Jack took the seat of honor, in the middle of the circle, Grandma began to knit, and Artie cuddled against her knee on a hassock, his big brown eyes as eager as anybody’s, when Jack, after many wriggles and twists, and with a very important air, began,



“Well, my hero was a mountain boy, and loved the mountains like everything, and he lived on a farm ’till he was old enough to go off to school and college. Then, I believe, he was a lawyer and got married, an’—an’ ”—Jack was getting a little confused and mixed; he had counted on Mamma’s help, but she couldn’t come in.

Grandma felt sorry for him, and asked, with an encouraging smile, “Did he ever go to the Legislature?”

“Yes’m; an’ he was Governor of his State twice, an’ when he was runnin’ for Governor he used to put on suits of mountain jeans and old hats, an’ go ’way up in the mountains to see the people, and make funny speeches and shook hands with everybody, and everybody loved him, and lots of children were named for him.

“When the war began he went to the army, and was a brave soldier; but he did more for his people just after the war than at any time.



“He loved his State and the South and did much for their good, and was true and honest all the time, and nobody could buy him.

“When he died everybody was sorry, and people covered his coffin with flowers, and one poor convict begged them to let him ‘see his face once more,’ because he was the only friend he ever had, and he knelt by the coffin and just cried.”

Here Grandma raised her hand and said,

“One of the most touching things I ever read about your hero was that when they were taking him back to be buried in the land he loved so well, the train stopped at a mountain station. It was nearly dark, and yet the platform was full of men and women who had come miles to get a last look at him, and the mountain women brought wild flowers and laid them on his coffin, while they wiped away the tears of sorrow, because they would see him no more!”

Suddenly Hugh’s hand went up. “I think I



know! I've been remembering all along. Yes! yes! Jack, your hero had a curious name, didn't he? And didn't they call him ole ——."

Tap! tap! at the door and everybody turned around.

"Come in," said Grandma, and in walked Mr. Barker. He had a bell in his hand, and began ringing it, and then he said,

"How are you, ma'm! I've lost two children, a boy and a girl; and they tell me that you keep boys and girls to hire, and I've come to hire two."

Then everybody laughed, and Artie clapped hands loudly. He always thought Mr. Barker so funny.

Of course Mr. B. had come for Will and Nellie, and this was so much nicer a way to say so than if he had looked cross and said,

"Children, come home; it is bed-time!"

Grandma looked solemnly around the circle, and then pointing to Will and Nellie, said,



"There are two which I could spare you until to-morrow evening. My charge will be one dollar's worth of smiles and pleasant words. Be kind to them, give them plenty to eat, and return them promptly at sundown to-morrow evening."

Then Mr. Barker said, "Very good! very good! I accept your terms, madam. Why, bless my soul, they really look like the children I've lost, which is quite a recommendation in itself!"

Then everybody clapped hands and said, "Hurrah for Gramma! and hurrah for Mr. Barker." "You're a great Gramma, certain," added Hugh, and Artie, because he must say something and could think of nothing better, said, "All—wight!"—and Grandma was left alone.



## CHAPTER VII.

### GRANDMA'S SUNDAY HERO.

THE church bells were ringing for night service though the daylight was still in the sky.

Grandma never went to church at night, and Artie, for a long while, had claimed her as his special property on Sunday evenings, and they generally spent the time "telling tales."

But to-night he was very willing for the other children to share her with him, and they were all ready, as soon as papa and mamma started to church, to begin guessing Grandma's "Sunday hero."

"Must we guess Jack's hero first?" asked Nellie.

"No, dear, I think that we had best leave that for to-morrow evening, then we'll count the guesses, and somebody will get the caramels!"



There was a subdued clapping of hands. Artie looked slightly troubled, though his trust in Grandma was not shaken. He knew that he would have a good share whoever won!

“Well, now, dear children, as this is Sunday, and we want to have an extra nice time, suppose we sing awhile before we begin.”

This suggestion of Grandma’s was hailed with very strong approval, for they all dearly loved to sing. It is true that Artie did not add much to the melody when he joined in, but he thought that he did; and there was one thing Grandma never allowed, and that was for anybody to laugh at his attempts.

“Now, what shall we sing?”

Artie’s hand went up very quickly, while the others called out almost with one voice,

“ ‘Follow On!’ ” Gramma, ‘Follow On!’ ”

Grandma stooped over and kissed Artie’s eager little face uplifted to her’s, and said,

“What does Grandma’s boy want to sing?”



"Dewels," Gramma, "pease'm." It was no harm surely to smile at this, for he was not singing, and everybody smiled.

"Why, yes, let us sing 'Jewels' first, and then we can sing 'Follow On.' They both suit very nicely for all I have to say about my hero."

So, for Artie's benefit and with his very earnest assistance, they sang, "When He Cometh, When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels."

After they had finished Grandma asked if any body could repeat a Bible verse about jewels.

Nellie's hand was up in a moment, and when Grandma nodded to her she repeated very distinctly,

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."  
(Malachi iii. 17.)

"That is beautiful, and I am so glad to hear you give the chapter and verse, too."

"Now, Grandma, please begin; we are so curious about your hero," said Will.



“Well, my hero was a dear Southern boy, who joined the Presbyterian church when he was not as old as Hugh, and who was like the Lord Jesus, because he went about his Father’s business when he was quite young.

“He was only twelve when he acted as superintendent of a colored Sunday-school. Think of that!”

All the children laughed at the idea of a boy of twelve conducting a Sunday-school, but Grandma said,

“But, my dears, he did not do it for fun. His aunt really managed the school, and she has told how frightened he was when he had to open the school with a prayer, and to say a few words to the crowd that filled the church. He came near breaking down, but when he looked up and caught her eye, he went on and finished nicely.

“At last he grew up and became a minister, and then God called him to go to a far-off land,



to tell the glad gospel story to the heathen; and though he had a lovely home and many friends, and there was much to be done for his Master here, he felt a great pity for the people in that distant land, thousands of miles away. I wonder who can tell me what command he was obeying?"

Will's hand was up, and he said promptly,

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

"Very good, my dear; and now, who can repeat the promise that goes with it?"

"And lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matt. xxviii. 20," added Nellie promptly.

"That is right, my dear. My hero loved that promise, I am sure. Well, he went to London first, and made many kind friends there, and learned a great many things that were useful to him as a missionary. Then he went to see the king of another country, because he needed his



permission before he could start his mission station. He felt very nervous, this brave young soldier of the cross, at the idea of entering the presence of a king; but when he was really before him he found that he was less disturbed than when he met the officers of the king's court in their splendid uniforms; for the king treated him with all the courtesy one gentleman offers another, and talked to him so kindly about his work that he soon forgot his nervousness.

“At last all his preparations were complete, and he sailed away over the seas in a splendid ocean steamer, with only one friend with him that he knew; but he made many new and lovely friends, for everybody seemed to love him. Many of these were going, as he was, to obey the Master's command.

“After many weeks and months, some passed on the water, others spent in making arrangements for the long, long journey through a wild country, they began the journey. As they had



no railroads, or any other kind of roads, but paths, it took quite a train of people to carry their baggage and their *pocket book*, as well as themselves."

"O Gramma, the idea! They must have had lots of money," said Hugh.

Everybody laughed, and Grandma said,

"Well, it actually took two men! and I'll tell you why. There *was* a good deal of it, such as it was, for they used neither gold nor silver, nor paper money, as we do, but had seventy-five dozen red handkerchiefs, bolts of domestic, brass wire, beads and other things, and with these they paid for everything they bought.

"It was months and months before they could find a place that suited in every way for a mission station, and my hero had a great many adventures, and saw a great many curious sights, and many very sad ones, and was sick many times before they settled down. And all the while his heart grew more and more sorry for



these poor people who did not know the true God, and Jesus, who had died for them.

“After many wanderings, and sufferings from fever, they settled on a place that seemed to be the very best for our Southern Presbyterian Mission. And they began to clear the ground and to put up some queer little houses that they had bought and had moved to the place.

“One of the hardest things he had to do was to learn the language; for the people had no books, and he had to learn by listening to the names they gave to things. But he learned quickly, and would every day, nearly, add new words to the list he kept in a little book.

“As time passed on he had to leave the station on business, and took with him a bright little native boy to wait on him.

“It was a long and tiresome journey, even when he was travelling by steamboat, and the weather was very warm, and no wonder he became sick.



“But God let him finish all his business for the station successfully, and there were kind and experienced Christian friends with him who did everything they could to cure him, but in vain.

“After a week’s sickness God called him home. He laid down his bright young life, so useful and so brave, far from father and mother and friends, even from his faithful missionary friend, and there he lies buried in the far-off land.”

Hugh had been listening eagerly, and now his eyes brightened, and he held up his hand,

“O Gramma! Didn’t we all make money, all sorts of ways, to buy a boat—.”

Here Jack, Will and Nellie raised their hands, and Artie followed very timidly.

“O! Gramma, wasn’t it Lapsley?” they all cried.

“Yes, dears; and I’m glad that you all know, and may God grant that you may love his mem-



ory, and serve the same Master as faithfully."

"Grandma," asked Nellie slowly, "why did God let him die?"

The old, old question wrung from so many lips, was puzzling this child.

"Ah! dear, God only knows; but we know that he never makes mistakes. Do you think that the children of the church would ever have raised ten thousand dollars for God's work in Africa if Lapsley had not died? I do not think so. And many people feel interest in that great work they would never have felt but for the sad ending of that bright young life."

Artie's eyes were almost shut, so Grandma said,

"Now let's sing, 'Follow On,' and then say good-night."

As they sang the last line of the chorus Grandma's eyes filled with tears.

"Anywhere with Jesus would I follow on!"



She wondered if Lapsley had not sung it often.

“To-morrow night, children, for the name of Jack’s hero, and for the box of caramels.” Then she said, “God bless you all!” and led her sleepy little hero off to bed.



## CHAPTER VIII.

“GOOD-BYE, GRANDMA !”

AT SUNDOWN on Monday the children began to gather, a good deal excited over the caramel prize, and ready to guess Jack's hero, but all with just a little cloud on their bright faces.

As Grandma looked around the circle she saw that there was something troubling them. The room never looked more cheery, nor the children more attractive, and yet—what was it ?

“Why, my dears, what's the matter ? You have come in as if you had come to church.”

As Artie clambered up to his usual seat they all called out,

“Oh ! Grandma, what are you going away for ? Aunt Martie don't need you half as badly as we do !”



The cat was out of the bag! They had found out that Grandma was going away, and the coming event had cast its shadow before.

Grandma couldn't help being glad for once to see them sorry, for she dearly loved these children, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of her life to give them pleasure, and she was pleased to know that her efforts were appreciated. Everybody likes to be missed—especially every old lady.

“Bless your dear hearts! Grandma feels proud to know that her children don't want her to go away. I do believe you have enjoyed ‘Guessing at Heroes,’ even if there had been no caramels ahead.”

“Yes'm! Yes'm!” everybody exclaimed, while there was a great clapping of hands, Artie giving a kiss every now and then, by way of variety.

“Well, Grandma is sorry and glad. Sorry to leave and glad that you do not want her to go; but Aunt Martie has a right to her share of me,



you see, and you will have the fun of getting ready for me and of welcoming me back."

"Dac no fun, Gramma," said Artie, in a disconsolate tone, while he stroked her face. Then everybody was obliged to laugh.

"Well, there will be two more days, and now we must find out who is the owner of that." She pointed to a pretty box all tied with ribbon of her favorite color—purple.

Eyes gleamed and hands were clapped noisily.

Grandma rapped for order, and said,

"Who has guessed Jack's hero?"

Hugh and Will raised their hands, and Nellie said,

"I ought to know, but I can't quite guess. I'm afraid I'll have to give it up!"

"Well, Will, Hugh, speak up!"

"Governor Vance," both said at once.

"That is right, and how did you find out?"

"Why, I remembered hearing papa read about how the people showed their love for Vance when



he was being taken to Asheville to be buried," replied Hugh.

"And I," said Will, "remember that Miss May told us at school about the convict that knelt beside his coffin in Raleigh."

"Now, dear children, you see how nice it is to know something about the men who have been good and brave and patriotic and true to God. I hope you will go on looking up heroes, and heroines, too, and have quite a supply when I come home. Now, let us count up." Saying this, she drew a paper from the table at her side on which was written:

LIST OF HEROES.

George Washington—Hugh.

Stonewall Jackson—Jack and Will.

Thomas Edison—Nellie.

Robert E. Lee—Will, Hugh and Jack.

Grandma—All.

Samuel Lapsley—Hugh, Jack, Will and Nellie.



Z. B. Vance—Hugh and Will.

"You see, children," said Grandma, after reading the list, "that I have put opposite to each hero the names of those who guessed correctly."

They all crowded around her, eager to see the paper, for they did not remember how they had guessed.

In a moment Hugh's face flushed a rosy red, for he thought he had come out ahead; but when Grandma finished counting it proved that he and Will were even.

"Well, dears, here's how we stand: Will and Hugh each guessed five out of seven. Jack guessed four, and Nellie three."

Artie was gazing up into Grandma's face with such a comical expression of anxiety that it was hard for her to keep her gravity. She kissed the little up-turned face and said in a whisper, "Never mind, baby boy, Grandma's hero shall have his share."



“Nev’ mine, lome (some) o’ dese times I’ll know about dose hewoes, an’ den you’ll lee how kick I’ll gueck.” (How quick I’ll guess.)

This was said with a very flushed face and with resolute manner, and “brought down the house.”

“I propose that Will and Hugh shall draw straws for the prize. I like that better than dividing it. Remember, dears, that you must be willing to abide by the decision. One of the best ways to begin to be heroes is to be generous and courteous. Get the broom for Grandma, Nellie, and pull out two straws, then call papa and mamma.”

A large circle of chairs was placed, and when papa and mamma came all were seated, and Grandma called Will and Hugh. She held out to them a book in which the straws had been placed, and each drew a straw. Will’s was the short one, and Grandma put the box into his hands.



In spite of a lump in his throat Hugh joined in the hand-clapping and said,

“That’s all right, Will. I’m glad that you got it.”

This made Grandma very proud, for she knew that Hugh had conquered self when he said it.

Dear old Grandma then turned to Artie and said,

“You move the screen for me, little man.”

Now, nobody had noticed when they first came in that Grandma’s screen was not in its usual place by the wash-stand, so they were quite surprised when Artie obeyed and showed a table covered with fruit and candy and nuts, and a pretty little box of caramels, with a card attached. On the card was written,

“For Grandma’s little ‘hero,’ for his patience while others guessed.”

What a Grandma! How everybody clapped her, and Will kissed her, and Artie kissed her,



and Jack cried, "Jolly! jolly!" and Nellie said, "I think this the grandest Grandma I ever knew," and everybody else said, "That's so."

They had a fine time until the clock showed them it was time to go.

Before he went out Hugh whispered to his Grandma, "I did feel pretty bad for a minute when I found that Will had got the caramels, but, you know, I'm older than he is, and, besides, he's my chum."

Six months makes a great difference in a boy's age, you know!

Grandma patted him, though, and told him how gratified she was.

It was a sorrowful crowd of children that saw the carriage drive off two days later; for Grandma was gone for two months, and home was never so bright without her.

"Good-bye, Grandma!" they all called, and Artie's brown eyes filled up and his rosy lips quivered. It was well mamma was there to comfort him!







PART II.

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GUESSING AT  
BIBLE HEROES.







## PART II.

# GUESSING AT BIBLE HEROES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIBLE HEROES THIS TIME.

GRANDMA was gone several months, instead of a few weeks, as she at first expected, and when she came home the children were getting ready for a month's holiday in the mountains, and after they had settled down again after their holiday, there was so much for Grandma to tell about her visit, and so much for them to tell about their wonderful trip, that Grandma waited for the first cool evening in October, when she could have a bright fire burning to welcome them. Then she blew a little silver whistle, that used to belong to Grandpa, and Artie and Nita, Aunt Martie's little girl,



who had been playing together on the porch, came running in.

“Vat’s it, Gramma?” asked Artie.

“Why, I want all the children for a little while; I have something to propose.”

Now, neither of the little folks knew what that big word meant; but they both knew that when Grandma wanted all the children there was something nice in store.

Artie clapped his hands gleefully, saying, “All yite,” which he thought a great improvement on “All wite.”

“Chillen! chillen! oh! Ugh! Dack! Come on! come on! Gramma is callin’ er’ybody!”

Hugh was just finishing a lesson and Jack was playing one last game of marbles with Will in the back yard, but they all pricked up their ears and were ready to go.

“Somebody run across the street and ask Nellie if she wants to come, too,” said Grandma, when they all came bursting into her room.



Artie, always willing to run on Grandma's errands, pushed through the group, saying,

"Me, Gramma! Me—vant to go!"

Artie was trying hard to talk English, his papa said.

Away he ran, calling out as he burst open Mr. Barker's hall door,

"Nellie! Nellie! come kick, Gramma's got somefin' to—to—pur—pose. Come on!"

Mrs. Barker heard him and smiled, but she called out, "Nellie! Nellie Barker! run over and see what Grandma Bright wants."

Nellie did not even wait for her hat, but crossed the street, and running quickly to Grandma's door, tapped softly.

"Come in! come in! come in!" came from all the children, and in a moment she was in her place, too much out of breath to speak."

"Well, children, this looks like old times. And now, let's come to business," and Grandma rapped on the table for order.



"I called you together to see if the Guess Club was ready to meet again. All in favor, hold up a hand."

All the hands were up!

"Well, now suppose we take Bible Heroes this time. I think it would be very pleasant, and besides that, I think it will make us all read our Bibles more carefully."

"Nita shall have everything explained to her, and mamma will help Artie, if he needs it; but I believe he knows a good many heroes in the Bible now."

Artie patted Grandma's hand, highly pleased at this praise.

"We will have only one meeting a week—on Friday—if nothing prevent, and I will give a prize, at the end of two months, for the one who has guessed most correctly, and we will invite Mr. and Mrs. Barker, and papa and mamma."

Then the dear, wonderful old Grandma



opened her table drawer, and drew out a little square box.

“Here,” she said, “are the badges for the members of the Guess Club,” and she took out the cutest little rosettes of red ribbon with a silver pin to stick them on, and the figure on it looked just like a question mark!

After she had pinned on all of the badges, there were two left in the box. “Who for, Gramma?” asked Artie. “Well, we want to make papa and mamma honorary members, so that they can help some time.”

“Vat’s dat, Gramma?” of course Artie was going to ask, Grandma was certain of that; but from the frowns on some other faces, she thought there were others who would like to know too.

“Honorary members are those who are allowed to join just as a compliment to them. They are not obliged to come every time; nor to try for the prize, but we like to have them with us.



Does my little man understand?" He nodded his head again and again, very confidently, and then Grandma said,

"I will have a hero for you to guess on Friday evening, and you must be here by seven."

She had just finished in time, for supper bell rang, and she put down her knitting and went right off to supper.



## CHAPTER II.

### WILL'S HERO.

GRANDMA noticed the next Sunday afternoon that Hugh and Jack were very busy over their Bibles, and she was very glad of it.

Then, at supper time, Mrs. Allan said, "Grandma Bright gave us a lovely Sunday afternoon, didn't she, Artie?"

"Yesh'em," said Artie, shaking his head very earnestly.

"Yesh, an' me—I—know a good hewo, I tell you!"

Nita Morgan, who did not feel quite at home with her cousins yet, was afraid to say anything, but she looked very pleased, for auntie had been telling Artie and herself about some splendid Bible boys, and they had both selected heroes for their turn.



Friday afternoon Grandma was busy getting her room ready for the Guess Club, and one of the first things she did was to put on her badge.

Behind her pretty screen she set a waiter of apples, and several ears of pop-corn, so you see the Guess Club, did not spend all the time guessing at heroes!

Very soon after sundown there was a tap at the door.

"Come in!" said Grandma, and in walked Artie, followed by Nita; and each of them had a small chair, so that they could sit close to Grandma.

Then Artie said, "Gramma, you weckon dose boys forgot? Maybe I better go call 'em an' Nellie, too." Grandma smiled and kissed the eager face.

"Well, you can call them; but I think that their memories, maybe, are as long as yours."

"I bet you dey forgot," said Artie, as he ran out; but he came back quickly, "Oh! Gramma,



lemme blow de fistle!" Grandma gave him the pretty silver whistle, and he stood on the porch outside of her door and blew the whistle until Grandma called out, "Artie! Artie! that will do, dear!" and when he came in his face was so rosy that Grandma took her fingers out of her ears and laughed heartily.

Directly Hugh and Will came, and then Nellie, and lastly Jack, who only put his marbles into his pocket after he got inside the door.

"Where are your badges, boys?" asked Grandma, for Nellie was the only one, besides Grandma, who had remembered to put on her badge.

The boys did not wait to reply, but ran out, and soon all came back with their badges pinned on.

"We must wear our badges for more than one reason," said Grandma, "first, to let people see that we belong to the 'G. C.' and, second,



to remind ourselves, so that we can be looking up heroes all the while."

"And, now, we are all here. Will, I believe it is your evening to give us a hero."

"Let us remember that there are more ways than one of being a hero."

Will's face flushed a little, but he soon took courage and began.

"My hero was an Ephrathite. He had to go away from home when he was a little boy. I think his mother must have prayed for him a great deal, for he seemed to be a good boy all the time. She loved him very much, but she had promised to lend him to God as long as he lived. She used to go to see him every year, and she carried something to him every time that she went.

"He had to wait on an old man; and one night, after the lights were all out, and he had lain down to sleep on his pallet, he heard some one call him, and he ran to the old man's side



and said, 'Here am I,' and the old man told him he had never called.

"He heard the voice three times before he found out who it was called him."

Grandma and Hugh were both holding up their hands by this time, and Nellie looked as if she almost knew. Jack, I am afraid, was thinking more of his game of marbles than of Will's hero; for he had one hand in his pocket, and you could hear the marbles knocking together, as if somebody was anxious to get out and to have another game.

"Yes," said Grandma, he was a brave boy, and the very youngest child God ever spoke to, unless we except the Child Jesus, to whom God must have spoken even when he was a little child."

"I wonder who can tell me some ways of honoring God?"

Nellie's hand was promptly held up. "By keeping the Sabbath day."



"That is a good answer, dear. Now, who else can suggest something?"

Hugh said, "By keeping his commandments."

"First rate! for that means in every way honoring him."

Nita's hand was timidly raised, and Grandma encouraged her by saying, "Speak out, dear, I'm sure you can tell us another way to honor God."

"By telling people about Jesus."

Grandma thought that a very lovely way to honor God, for when we tell people of Jesus' love—we must honor him.

"Why, why! how time flies here. That was the supper bell, I believe. I had something else for you all to do. Will, can't you and Nellie come back after supper? Just look what we have to do yet."

As Grandma said this she pushed aside one fold of her pretty screen, and there was a waiter of apples, and several ears of pop-corn!



Everybody clapped hands, and Will cried out, "We'll come back! Yes'm, this is Friday night. I'm sure Mamma will say, 'Yes.' Who must give us a hero next time, Gramma?"

"Did anybody besides Hugh guess Will's hero?"

"I 'most got him, Gramma," said Nellie, softly, but "most getting" did not count in this game, and so Grandma told Hugh he must have a hero ready for next time.

After supper they had a grand time popping corn and eating apples, and all the children decided over again, that Grandma was the greatest Grandma in the land!



## CHAPTER III.

### HUGH'S HERO.

ALL through the week the children tried to get Hugh to give them some idea of who he was going to choose as his hero, but Hugh could keep a secret when he wanted to, and he wanted to keep this one.

Grandma was very glad that he did not tell them anything about it, for she was sure that they would feel more interested if their curiosity was excited.

On Friday, at the dinner table, Mrs. Allen said, "This is the evening for the meeting of the Guess Club, I believe. Suppose that you meet in the sitting-room, there will be more room, especially if your honorary members attend."

She made the remark to everybody, and for reply she received a storm of noes!



"No! no! no!" cried Artie, his cheeks flushing into a deeper rose, "Gramma's woom's de bes'. All de nice sings is dere. Eh! Gramma?"

Grandma was laughing, because all of the children were talking at once, but as soon as Artie put the question to her directly she rapped on the table with her knife, and then, holding up her other hand, said, "All in favor of holding the meeting of the Guess Club in the sitting-room say, 'Aye.' "

Mamma's voice sounded very lonely, for not even the other honorary member agreed with her.

"All in favor of Grandma's room say, 'Aye!' "

Such a racket as there was in response! but Grandma's "aye" was heard very plainly.

As soon as the noise was hushed, Grandma said, "I think that we will meet in my room as usual, and the honorary member who made the motion to change will find that there is plenty



of room for both of the H. M.'s whenever they want to come."

The children greeted this remark with much applause, and they gathered as usual around the fire in Grandma's pretty room, and Hugh gave his hero.

"My hero was the son of a king, and I think he must have been handsome, as well as brave, though the Bible does not say so.

"When he was right young he did a grand thing. His father had enemies that were powerful and cruel, and they had a great army of well-trained men. My hero's people were very much frightened, and hid themselves in the mountains, because they had no weapons to fight with, only the king and his son had swords.

"And the son thought that he would spy out the enemy's garrison, and maybe he could find out how to fight them. So he took one young man and went over. He believed that God would help him, and that he did not need a great army.



“Then they stood where the sentries could see them, and the enemy thought they were coming out from the caves where they had been hiding, and called to them, ‘Come up and we will show you something!’

“And my hero took that as a sign from God, and said to his companion, ‘Come after me, for the Lord hath delivered the enemy into our hands.’ And they climbed up the steep rock and killed twenty men, and that scared all the others, and God helped them by sending an earthquake, too. Now, his father didn’t know that he had gone, and instead of being glad that the enemy were beaten, he got mad, and said he would put whoever did it to death, but the people wouldn’t let him.

“My hero did other brave and beautiful things, and was one of the most unselfish friends that ever lived; but I can’t tell you any more, because you will guess too easily.”

Mamma’s hand was up, and Will said,



"Seems to me that I ought to know who that is."

Jack said, "Well, I b'lieve it was David."

"No! no!" said Will, "David didn't do that."

Nellie was afraid to guess, and Grandma said, "Well! let the honorary member tell us, and then she can give us a hero next time."

"No," replied Mrs. Allen. "I will tell you this much about Hugh's hero—that I think made his friendship so wonderful. He really seemed to love his friend's honor more than his own, and was willing for him to be king in his place."

Jack and Will and Nellie all clapped their hands and called out, "Jonathan! Jonathan! Jonathan!"

"Yes," said Hugh, "but Mamma made it easier for you all."

"I will give my turn to Artie," said Mrs. Allan, "and now I must go to have supper brought in."



Then Grandma opened the table drawer and showed the pop-corn and a bundle, and said, "After supper we will see who can guess what is in my bundle. The first one who guesses right shall pop the first corn."



## CHAPTER IV.

### ARTIE'S HERO.

YOU will remember that after Hugh's hero had been guessed by Mrs. Allan, she said that she would help Artie to get a hero for the next time, instead of giving one herself. You will also remember that just before they went to supper Grandma had shown them some ears of pop-corn, and a bundle, and had said that, after supper, whoever guessed first what was in her bundle should pop the first corn in the new parcher.

Well, when they finished supper, it was as good as a game of "Observation," the way they started at that bundle. Grandma wouldn't let anybody feel it.

"Well, Gramma, can't we smell it, then?"

"No, indeed! I think you would guess it right away, then."



At last Nellie, who had been very quiet, clapped her hands and called out, "Brown sugar! brown sugar!"

"Right!" said Grandma, "but how did you happen to guess it?"

"I saw a little grain of sugar on the table, and it wasn't white."

And so Nellie had the pleasure of parching "the first turn," and the sugar was opened out and the corn rolled in it, and the children found it very nice.

The next Friday evening was stormy, but that did not keep the Barkers away. Nobody wanted to miss Artie's hero.

"It is just the kind of evenin' to have some-thin' particular to do, ain't it, Grandma?" asked Jack.

"Yes, and how nice to have a cheery fire to sit by in a happy home, children."

"Yesh, an' a Gramma w'ats so nische, too," added Artie, as he cuddled up to Grandma,



while they waited for Mamma to come, for he was not willing to begin without her.

At last Mrs. Allan was ready, and when she entered the door there was Mr. Allan just behind her, and all the children stood by and clapped their hands.

"Howd'ye do, Mr. Honorable Member," cried Jack with a low bow.

Artie's bright face flushed and he looked a little scared, for he was not quite so well acquainted with his papa as Jack was; he had not known him so long!

However, Mamma whispered to him, and he ran up to his papa and held his mouth up to kiss him and said, "We glad to shee you Mitter Hon-away," and then he handed Mr. Allan a chair.

Grandma rapped on the table and said, "Now, little man, we want your hero," and Artie stood up near his mother, and after he had put his hands in his pocket awhile, he began.

"My hewo was a *l—ittle* bit a baby boy



vonce, en 'is mamma ver scared 'bout 'im, an—  
an, oh! 'ee ver born in a far away country, vere  
'is papa 'ad to work very 'ard, an' dey didn'  
love to live dere one single bit, but dey 'ad to,  
'cause Dod vanted to make dem very sorry for  
bein' naughty. An' one day de ole, bad king, got  
mad 'cause der ver so many little chillen an'  
'ee said, 'Dere's too many 'ittle boys; one day  
dey'll be fighten' me, an' take all my country.'  
An' 'ee wanted to kill all de babies, an' 'ee mam-  
ma, I mean my hewo's mamma, didn' vant to  
hab 'er 'ittle baby kilted, too, en' 'ee dis begged  
Dod to tell her how to fix it. An' Dod tole her,  
'Make a 'ittle bucket (basket) and 'ide you' 'ittle  
boy dere. An' 'er made it in a huwy (hurry) I  
tell you!

"Den a putty lady comed dere, an' 'er said,  
'Oh! vat a putty baby! I b'lieve I'll take it  
home for myself.' An' one day my hewo gyew  
up a gyeat big man—an' 'ee fought all dose bad  
peoples an' took millions an' millions back to



dere old land. But 'ee got mad one day, an' Dod tole 'im 'ee couldn't go all de way, 'an so 'ee died, an' a beautiful angel comed an' burvied 'im. An'—oh!—'ee did bwing all de commandments down, so we could learn 'em. An' dat's all 'bout my hewo."

Of course, everybody had guessed Artie's hero very soon after he began, but he was too excited to see the hands, and Grandma put her finger to her lips, for them to be silent, and Mamma shook her head when they began to laugh, for they both thought the little boy showed that he knew a good deal about Moses.

As soon as he finished Jack and Nita both called out, "Moses! Moses!" and Grandma frowned and said, "Why, yes, it must be Moses," and Artie answered in a very proud and confident tone, "Yesh, my hewo is Moshes. I like 'im de best of all, 'cause he was de patientest one."

"I think that both Jack and Nita will have



to give heroes next time, as they both gave the name," said Grandma.

"Yes," said Jack, "an' we can make 'em short."

Everybody laughed, for it sounded funny, but they all knew that it was the stories, and not the heroes that Jack wanted short.

Just then Mr. Allan glanced down at his coat pockets, and the children looked too, and discovered that they were stuffed with something. They made a rush at them, and found that they were full of caramels, and the rest of the evening they were busy picking papa's pockets.



## CHAPTER V.

### JACK'S HERO AND NITA'S.

JACK was more interested in finding a hero than people gave him credit for.

On Sunday afternoon, instead of finishing his Sunday-school library book, or going out to see after his chickens, he was cuddled up close to his papa's side in the sitting-room, with a large Bible open before him.

"Now, do, Papa, help me find somebody that will be hard for them to guess; I'd like to puzzle even Gramma."

"Well, my boy, you can't do that, for Grandma knows more about Bible characters than all the rest of us put together."

Nita had gone to "Aun' Bella" for help, and came out from Mrs. Allan's room with a very smiling face, when Artie called her to come and look at pictures in Grandma's room.



When Friday evening came everybody was on hand promptly, for everybody was curious about Jack's hero, and Nita's, too.

"Nita, you begin," said Jack, when they were all seated; for even Grandma and the other children seemed a crowd when they were all seated around the fire.

"No, Jack, you are older than Nita," said Grandma firmly, "and she has never tried to give a hero before."

"Well'm," said Jack, blushing very red, and running his hands deep down into his pockets, and holding a marble in each hand for comfort.

"My hero was very brave, I think. He was a captive in a country far from his home, and waited on the king; but he loved his own people very much, and when somebody came and told him that the people at home were very poor and that the walls of the city were all broken down, it distressed him so much that he cried and cried, but he prayed to God, and he put it into



his heart what to do. When he went to wait on the king he looked very sad, and the king said, 'What's the matter? What makes you look so sad?' Then he was scared, because in those days kings could have a man's head cut off in a minute; but he just prayed to God for courage, and then he told the king what the matter was, and the king was sorry for him, and told him that he could go to his country to help the poor people, and to mend the walls; and he went, and showed what a smart young man he was, and brave, too; but after awhile, though he loved his country and his people, he went back to his king, and didn't go back to his country for a long time, and that's all now. Can you guess his name?"

Grandma's hand was up, and she said, "Yes, your hero was a noble fellow, and very brave, when he asked the king to let him go to help his people; but he was quite as brave when he told the people how wicked they were to break the



Sabbath and to marry heathen wives. Nehemiah was a true hero, I think."

"Yes, it was Nehemiah," said Jack.

"Now, Nita, let us have yours."

Nita was very much frightened when she began, but she stood close to Grandma, and that seemed to give her courage.

"My hero's father was an old man when he was born, and he loved this boy more than he loved his other sons. I believe he was the best and the prettiest. That made his brothers mad, and one day when he went far off from home to see how they were getting on with their flocks, why, his bad old brothers just took him and put him in a great deep well, and then afterwards they sold him to some people going far away—an'—one day he made his brothers feel so 'shamed 'cause he was kind to them when they were poor, and didn't have enough to eat, an' he was rich."

All the children were holding up their hands ;



of course, they had easily guessed Nita's hero, and she was really glad to stop, as she could not remember any more just now.

"It will be Gramma's time next," said Hugh.

"Oh! Gramma, don't make yours too hard!"

"Well, dears, I'm going to try my best to puzzle you. But—what is that, I wonder," added Grandma, looking so surprised and pointing to a large, bright yellow bag, hung up by a red ribbon!

Everybody started up.

"Bring it here, Hugh," she said, and Hugh dumped it down at Grandma's feet.

All the time Artie was kissing Grandma's hand, and saying, "Gramma, you are the nicest Gramma I ever saw!" He was certain that Grandma had fixed the bag!

When she pulled the string, out rolled apples and oranges and goobers.

"Now, children, scramble for them," she said, laughing, and what a frolic they had, until Mrs.



Allan came in with a lamp in her hand, and said, "Good-night, everybody, if you must go!"

Of course, the children took the hint, and in a few moments dear old Grandma was asleep, and she must have been smiling in her sleep, for she had made the children's hearts so very happy!



## CHAPTER VI.

### GRANDMA'S HERO.

OF COURSE somebody was interested and excited about Grandma's hero, because, as Jack said, "Gramma's so 's'prisin'," which, being interpreted, meant that Grandma had so many surprises for them!

Grandma looked over her spectacles at the children at the dinner-table, and said, "Well, children, with the aid of my valuable old friend, Mr. Henry's commentary, I think I can make quite an interesting story of my hero this evening."

"Who's Mr. Henry Commentary?" asked Jack, with a look of astonishment.

"Vat a funny name! ha! ha!" added poor little Artie, who was not old enough to have even heard of Mr. Henry and his wonderful commentaries on the Bible.



“Why, Jack!” said Hugh, “did you really think that there was a man named Commentary?”

Then Jack snickered, and said he didn’t know who Grandma was talking about at first! And nobody knew whether he found out afterwards or not.

When sunset came, Artie ran to Grandma’s room and said, “Oh! Gramma, come! come kick! (quick) there’s the beautifulest sunset—seems like—seems like Friday evenin’ is always de pittiest,” which Grandma took as a high compliment to her Guess Club evening, and deserving of two or three kisses.

Of course she went out with Artie, and tried to make her dear little pet feel that this was one of God’s ways of showing his love to us.

It was too cool to stay long, besides that, Grandma had begged for early supper, so that the honorary members could be with the club this evening.



At last supper was over, and the children are gathered in Grandma's room.

"Now, if Papa gets to reading his paper he will forget to come," said Hugh.

"Suppose two of you go and offer to escort him here," suggested Grandma. Whereupon everybody wanted to go.

"No! no! that is not the proper way," said Grandma." I will choose Nellie and Nita, and now, dears, go to him and kneel down before him and say, 'Most honorable sir, will your honor be pleased to come to the Guess Club, where the members anxiously await your coming.' Then offer your arms to escort him."

Everybody laughed and thought that would be very funny. Nellie and Nita were rather scared at first, but entered into the fun of it, and after repeating the sentence over several times to Grandma, went off, and presently came back with Papa Allan between them, looking very funny and "puttin' on airs," as Jack said.



Then Mamma came in, looking very mysterious, and Grandma began:

“My hero had a short name, and it seems a strange name to give a child, in a country where names always meant something. We do not know the name of either his father or mother, and we know very little about him, but what we do know is very interesting. Think of a man being remembered thousands of years just for two things! First, because he was more honorable than his brethren, though we are not told why it was so; and, second, because he prayed to God for several things that he wanted, and God gave him everything that he asked for! And so he is a pattern to us of how we should ‘come boldly to the throne of grace.’

“I imagine that he was a bright-eyed, happy-hearted boy, who learned obedience when he was a child; and learned to fear God and to trust him as a prayer-hearing God; and to desire to be honorable. I think that, when he grew up



so earnest and faithful, people loved him and respected him, and then there came a time when he must have been in danger. Maybe he had enemies that were trying to destroy his property and kill him; or, maybe he wanted to succeed better in his business, so that he could help others, and be kept from evil. You remember the Lord teaches us to pray, 'Deliver us from evil.' Whatever was the matter, my hero asked God for what he wanted, and God heard and granted his request. After telling us that about him, he just passes out of Bible history, leaving behind him only the fragrance of a good name."

The children were all puzzled, and Mamma was looking into the fire with a very perplexed look on her face.

Mr. Allan was looking very hard right into Grandma's face, when he jumped up and seized Grandma's Bible and turned to the index of proper names in the back, and in a minute or two, he laid down the Bible, and clapped his hands!



Grandma rapped on the table, and said, "Order! order!" and Papa remembered, and looking very solemn, held up his hand, and said, "He belonged to the tribe of Judah, and there was a city named for him, wasn't there?"

"Yes! yes!" said Grandma, "I'm afraid you have guessed."

As soon as Mr. Allan gave the name, Mamma left the room.

The children couldn't help glancing towards the screen, because so often there was something behind it for them, and Grandma noticed it and smiled, but did not say anything. Presently, there was a curious kind of knocking on the door.

"Somebody is knocking with a knee instead of a hand," said Grandma, and while everybody was laughing at the new way to knock, Papa said it was a *knee way*, he thought, which Grandma declared was a very dreadful pun.

Artie had opened the door, and there stood



Mrs. Allan with a waiter full of dishes and plates. No wonder she had to use her knee to knock with!

"Hugh, set this down, please," she said, and was gone again, but soon came back with a kettle.

"Candy pulling! candy pulling!" was the joyful exclamation, while everybody clapped hands.

Sure enough, this was Mamma's treat, and what a grand time they had!

"Remember, you must give us a hero next Friday," said Grandma to Mr. Allan, as he left "the racket" to finish his newspaper.

"Well'm, I'll try," he said, just like the children would answer.

When the clock struck nine, Mamma said, "Good-night, children!" and after Grandma had a kiss from each of the Guess Club, another happy meeting was over.



## CHAPTER VII.

### PAPA'S HERO.

THE children were all ready for the Guess Club the next Friday evening. They seemed to think that Papa's evening would be an occasion of more importance than even Grandma's, or Mamma's, and so begged to be allowed to go to the woods after school, to get autumn leaves to decorate Grandma's room.

"Papa is an honorary, you know, Mamma, and we have to do something extra for him."

"Yes," Mamma said, laughing, "and I wonder how you will treat the other honorary."

"You'll see! you'll see! maybe your turn will come next."

About four o'clock the children burst into the sitting-room, where Grandma and Mamma were at work.



"I think the maple trees have all come to town," exclaimed Grandma, holding up her hands, for every one of them had large boughs of brilliantly colored maple, and a gorgeous sight it was!

"Grandma, let us decorate the room by ourselves, before you go in; we will be very careful not to hurt anything, or make a mess," said Hugh, who knew what an old maid Grandma was about her room.

"Well," answered Grandma, trying to look very doleful, yet with a merry twinkle in her eye, "I suppose I'll have to submit, as you are six to one."

And so the children took possession of Grandma's room.

They put up two large crimson branches behind her pretty brass bedstead, and pinned clusters of leaves on the curtains and on the screen, and small branches behind the pictures. Then they borrowed the umbrella stand, and filled



that with a beautiful branch, and set it in the corner, and when Mrs. Allan peeped in to see how they were getting on, she was surprised to see how much taste they had shown, and, as she believed in praising people, she told them so.

"Now, let's call Grandma," they said, so Artie was sent on the errand.

"Come, Grandma, come kick! It's dus lovely. It's de pitties' place you ever did see."

Of course, Grandma was delighted and surprised, because most of them were boys.

Then she turned them all out, locked the door and opened a drawer in that wonderful bureau of hers that had held so many good things for the children. She took out three large paper bags and emptied their contents on the bed, then she found some small bags and filled them with candy, and some more with nuts and tied them around the top with strings. Then she took apples and oranges and bananas and the candy and nuts, and hid them under



pillows and the bed, and behind the bureau, and under the book-case, and even in the bottom of the scrap basket.

At last she sat down and said, "Now!" in a very satisfied tone, and smiled at everything, for she knew how much fun she had hidden away for six happy children to find.

They were at the supper-table when Will and Nellie came over, and in a little while the Guess Club met.

"You will have to call your honorary, or he will forget to come, I'm afraid," said Grandma.

"Oh! Gramma, pease sen' me dis time," begged Artie.

"Well, what will you say?"

"Artie don't know what to say," said Jack, "he'll just go an' say, 'Papa, tum on to de Dess Crub.' "

Artie's eyes flashed, and he replied in an indignant tone, "Yesh, I do know. I say, 'Mitter



Honowawy, de Guess Crub glad to have you come wight now in a huwy.' Now, Gramma ain't dat somefin' sides, 'Papa, tum to de Dess Crub' ?"

Grandma thought it was very nice, and told him so, with a kiss, and he ran off.

When he was gone, Grandma said, "Jack, I don't think that I would tease my dear little brother that way, if I had one. He tries so hard to be a big boy, and to talk plainly."

Just then here came Artie, looking very important, and leading Mr. Allan, who pretended to be badly scared. He sat down and began right away.

"My hero never was in a war, nor was he a king, nor a rich man, and yet I think he was a true hero. His home was in a heathen town, and his father was not a Jew, and was probably a merchant; but he was blessed, like some other boys that I know, with a Grandmother, and Mother, who were Christians, and he inherited



their faith; and, though he was quite a boy when we first hear about him, he was so useful as a Christian that the greatest preacher and letter-writer that ever lived, loved him and wanted him to go on his missions with him.

“From what we read in his master’s letters to him, we think he was naturally very timid; but that is often the kind of boy that God’s grace converts into a grand hero.

“We know that he lived to teach and preach Christ in a large and wicked city, and that it was while he was there that his master wrote him two splendid letters, that have much good advice in them; we know, too, that when his beloved master was in prison in another great city, he took a long and dangerous journey to go to him, that he might cheer him, and last of all, we think that God gave him courage to die as a martyr for the faith he professed.”

Mamma’s hand was up. “I think one of the best things that is told us about your hero was



what his master wrote him, 'That from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures.' "

Grandma's hand, and Hugh's, too, were up now, and so Mr. Allan called out, "His name, then! his name!"

"Timothy!" they all said at once.

"Yes, it was Timothy, and I hope you agree with me that he was a hero!"

Everybody said, "Yes," and then Hugh reminded his father that he had never told the name of Grandma's hero, and they wanted to know it.

"Well! well! why, Jabez!—and all we know about him is found in 1 Chronicles iv. 9-10."

Artie was beginning to look sleepy, and Grandma said, "Now, let's all see if we can find anything besides autumn leaves in this room. As she said it, she gave a little kick against the bureau with her foot, and out rolled an orange right against Artie's foot! Then every one took Grandma's hint, and such a search party as they



were! and such a racket as they made! It was a good excuse for Mr. Allan to run away, and get back to his beloved paper, but the children frolicked on until bed-time.















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